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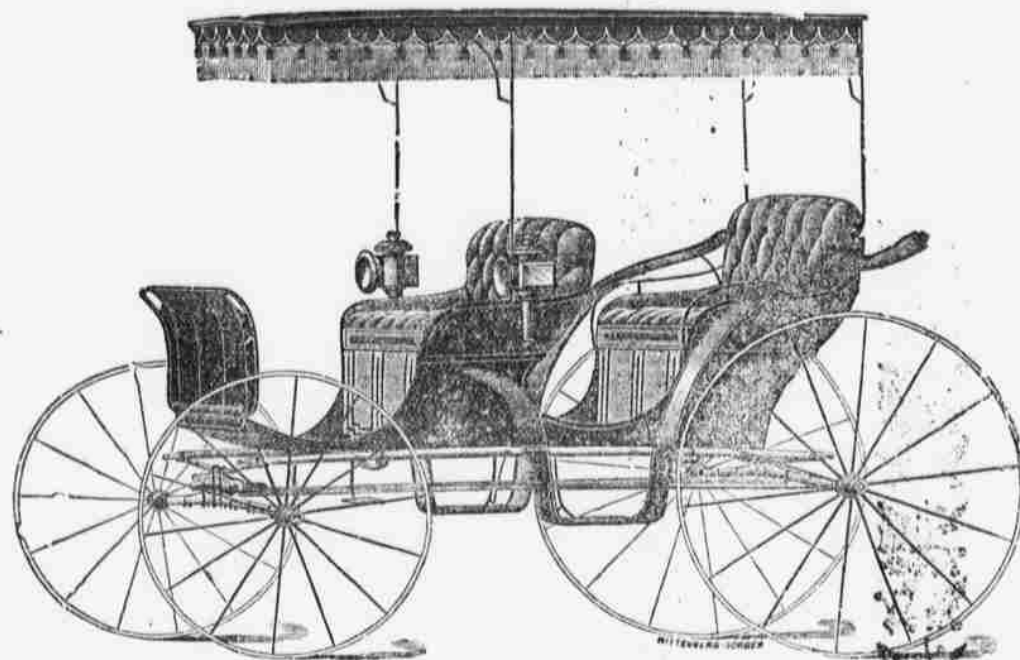
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IN CHURCH AND OUT.

We go to church on Sunday, with reverence how the head,
Join our pastor in repeating the prayer the "Master" taught—
"Thy will be done our Father," "Give us our daily bread."
How is it, fellow-christian, these prayers come to naught?
"Thy kingdom come," behold, how Satan reigns to-day,
T'was pestilence and drunkenness, extended from sea to sea,
And we, the "Sunday christians" are hedging up the way.
As in our six days labor to sin we hew the line.
We speak in tender accents of our neighbor's sin, and we pray,
"In our churches" that a blessing may descend on the head
Of our unconverted brothers; outside we make the way
By our acts wherein to sorrow, e'en our children may be led.
While we're in the church on Sunday, we say, "Thy will be done,"
Why then, do we on Monday, a price set on the sin,
That bring the reign of Satan, despoils the christian home?
That's e'en the gates of heaven, for No drunkard enters in.
For years we've prayed this prayer, "that our young men he would save,"
And fit them to be soldiers in the army of the Lord.
Then from church we, by our ballot, make for them a drunken grave,
And for license saint and sinner do vote with one accord.
In the church we sometimes welcome with smiles than rather chill
The stranger whose credentials have not "metallized" ring,
Outside—If one to counsel some of them with a will
To shun our whisky candidate, and with his praises sing.
In church we say, "God save the right, and help put out the wrong,"
Outside—If one to counsel some of our set should dare
To live free from drink to Sunday, we'll go to the gallows.

A CHRISTMAS BABE.

The bell of the St. Nicholas church was merrily going, the bell of the quaint church in New Amsterdam's fort close by the blue water that rippled around Manhattan Island. Ding-ding-ding-ding!
It was Christmas eve, and did not St. Nicholas' bell have a right to swing merrily? It seemed to say: "Christmas coming, coming, coming," and in its joyful tones one might have caught the echo of that jubilant proclamation: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulders, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."
Swing and ring, O bell! Christmas was coming. Ring away, O iron bell! To Governor Stuyvesant stamping around the little Holland town on his wooded leg, to the town-folks in baggy breeches or quilted petticoats, to the weary sailors in the lighters that had pushed up the canal dividing De Heeren Graft (to-day's Broad street), or the seamen in the craft moored by the shore, the thought of Christmas brought a new joy.
Hans Van Schenkel stood on the stoop of the shop where he sold beaver skin and other furs, but the ringing of the bell brought no special satisfaction.
"What is that bell ringing for?" he asked, turning to his daughter Katryne.
"It is ringing for Christmas, I think, father, and that is good news."

mas, and that is that snow is coming, and thou hast a home with thy father."
"I pity those without—a home—" Then she stopped and her blue eyes so filled with tears that they were like sapphires floating in fountains of crystal.
"Come, come, child, thou hast a good home. What is the matter with thee?"
"Thou knowest, father."
"Humph!" growled Hans. Then he broke out: "I know what ails thee. Thou art sighing for that sister of thine, and is it any fault of mine because she would, yes, would, in spite of all I could say, marry that English sailor, that Jack Lang? I warned her. When, then, she went into the wilderness was it my fault?"
Katryne turned away to hide the pearls that fell so freely from her blue eyes. She thought of the day when Jack Lang and Lysbet Van Schenkel stole through a gateway in the wall of the palisades running where Wall street now is and giving a name to it. The lovers disappeared there, and not for a long day was Lysbet seen, but Jack never. It was said that they were married by an English clergyman, somewhere, at some time. Finally came a story that the sailor had died, and soon after the arrival of these tidings there came through a gate in New Amsterdam's wooden wall a worn and weary woman with a babe in her arms. Where she was received and sheltered Hans did not know.
"She had my name, once," he doggedly asserted, "but she is no child of mine now." One might naturally feel that "this

coming storm. That swinging bell might say: "Rejoice, rejoice," but was not there room in some hearts for the feeling of anxiety? Hans was not at ease. He could not drop this subject that had come up for notice.
"Families," he muttered, "ought not to be broken up by a child's disobedience. She that broke that chain must take the responsibility."
"If broken, father, can it not be mended?"
"Not unless wisely, justly done."
"Christ says that we must love one another." As she spoke she was facing a rude wall picture of the child Jesus in His mother's arms, Joseph standing by. "Look at that, father!" She pointed to the picture. "They love one another, father, and—"
"I love thee, good daughter."

This encouraged Katryne, and she broke out in a bold proposition: "Then why not let Lysbet come home?"
"Katryne! Nonsense!"
Only three words, but he put enough force into them to show what his full opinion might be. She made no reply, but drew a quilted crimson hood over her locks and slipped out of the door. When Katryne returned Hans was in a very painful mood, and he remarked, in a sympathetic tone:
"It is a bad night, my child."
"Yes, father, but Christmas will soon be here."
"Is the watch out?"
"Yes, father, and he almost ran into me, as if he thought I were a savage that had just come down the North river in his canoe and needed to be looked after."

(Continued on page 3.)

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